

## A Strange Addiction

by Sherry

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-07 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-07 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:18:03

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,092

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Ron's addiction is driving his friends crazy. Hermione finally cures him, only to hook him on something else... trust me, it's not the kind of addiction you'd think.

## A Strange Addiction

> <meta> Addiction

Addiction

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A/N : An attempt at a humor fic. Please bear with me! This idea was conceived while at violin class... I ran down to 7-11 and bought some Bubbly Bears, and I couldn't stop eating... neither could my violin-playing sister and teacher. Then while I was waiting I behaved exactly like Ron. This may be a little weird. It's short and rather strange. Please review, anyway, and tell me what you think... and review my other fics, too... please?

Disclaimer : All characters belong to J. K. Rowling. Bubbly Bears belong to... um... Allens, or something like that... FRUTIPS, OK?

The Hogwarts students streamed back into the school, laughing and talking after their latest trip to Hogsmeade. Among them were Harry, Ron and Hermione, who were, like the others, stuffed to the brim with sweets, with bulging pockets and flushed faces. Hermione had a strange sweet that exploded in her mouth, and was calmly walking along regardless of Ron and Harry's stares. Ron pulled a packet out of his robes, gazing at it abstractedly.

'What's that?' Harry asked.

Ron read the label. 'Bubbly Bears.'

'Huh?'

'Sugar-covered gummy bears,' Ron explained, looking puzzled. 'I have a few more in my pocket.'

Just then, there was a slight explosion from Hermione; she walked as placidly as ever, and the boys stared at her.

'Didn't your sweet just explode?' Ron asked.

'Yeah.'

'Aren't you startled? Do you even feel it?'

'No.'

Ron sighed, and went back to looking at his packet. He tugged it open, and looked at the assortment of multicoloured gummy bears. Gingerly he picked out a red one and popped it into his mouth. Harry watched him, curiously; Hermione was walking along eating more of the exploding sweets. They had reached the portrait of the Fat Lady - someone said the password and the Gryffindors streamed in. Envious first and second-years stared at them from armchairs.

'These are good,' Ron said with surprise. 'Want some, Hermione? Harry?'

'Uh, no thanks,' Harry declined. Hermione by way of answer popped another exploding sweet into her mouth.

'OK then.' Ron took another handful of Bubbly Bears. After they had all had a good rest, he was still eating; he put the packet by his bedside and took a few before going to bed.

For the next few days Ron spent all his free time in the common room, gazing at the Bubbly Bears. He would take one and gaze at it from all angles, looking through it as the light shone through it, et cetera, and finally drop it into his mouth. Harry and Hermione were annoyed. They enlisted the help of Neville, Colin, Fred and George, but didn't succeed in stealing the Bubbly Bears; Ron hid them in his robes all the time. 'I don't know why you can't understand the greatness of Bubbly Bears,' he complained when he caught them red-handed.

Then they tried to divert his attention by trying out new hobbies on him. Hermione tried to get him interested in the library (Harry labeled that 'Fat Chance') and Harry, the devoted Quidditch Seeker, tried to hook him on the sport. Fred and George tried to make him into a prankster, but that effort failed too. When Hermione brought him into the library, Ron began to put Bubbly Bears in between the pages and pretend to read while eating. He fell off his broom because he kept putting his hands into his robes to take Bubbly Bears out. When he sneaked into Hogsmeade, he bought Bubbly Bears. Hannah Abbot ended up in tears because she had tried to teach him gardening but he had lain in the flower bed squashing all the shoots and gazing at Bubbly Bears.

Finally they gave up. Ron went on eating Bubbly Bears, and became worse than ever; Hermione and Harry went around alone. Ron skipped meals because he was full to the brim with Bubbly Bears. They tried hooking him on other sweets, but he declined. He was dropping in his

grades for Bubbly Bears. The professors had given up on him; so had Hermione, who had only the other day confessed to Harry that she thought she was in love with Ron.

It was rather funny to see the way he obsessed with Bubbly Bears. He closed his eyes and threw them into his mouth, sometimes, and sometimes, he could gaze at them for a full hour before eating one. It was driving the Gryffindors round the bend.

Harry and Hermione and all his close friends didn't know what would happen to him.

'It's rather sad if you think about it,' Harry said to Hermione, as they sat by the fire watching Ron devour Bubbly Bears.

'Yeah...' Hermione said. Ron got up and went out, to goodness knows where.

Neville Longbottom was reading in a corner, and he suddenly got up and tapped Hermione on the shoulder, whispering something in her ear. Hermione got up and ran after Ron, and Neville ran after her. Harry stared at the place where Hermione had been sitting, and shook his head.

A few minutes later Neville came back through the portrait hole, looking anxious. 'Harry,' he said.

'Yes?'

'I have - I have good news and bad news.'

'Well?' Harry stood up, curious now. Where were Hermione and Ron?

'The good news is... Ron isn't addicted to Bubbly Bears any more.'

Harry could have jumped through the ceiling, he felt so elated. 'That's \_wonderful\_, Neville! How did this happen? It was your idea, wasn't it?'

'Ah - that's the bad news,' stuttered Neville, wringing his hands. 'He - he told me the other day that he loved Hermione - so I - I got her to kiss him.'

Harry stared, gaping, as Ron and Hermione fell through the portrait hole. Hermione's arms were around Ron, and their lips were glued together.

'He's - he's addicted to Hermione,' Neville quavered, wringing his hands even more.

Harry ran.

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A/N : That was a strange fic, wasn't it? Please tell me what you thought!

End  
file.